

The praise of Sailors, heere set forth, with their hard  
 fortunes which doe befall them on the Seas, when  
 Land-men sleepe safe in their Beds.  
 To a pleasant new tune.



**A** I lay musing in my bed,  
 full warme and well at ease,  
 I thought upon the lodging hard  
 poore sailors haue at Seas.

They bide it out with hunger and cold,  
 and many a bitter blast,  
 And many a time constrain'd they are  
 for to cut downe their Mast,

Their victuals and their Ordnance,  
 and ought else that they haue,  
 They throw it ouer-board with speed,  
 and take their lines to saue.

When as the raging Seas doe come,  
 and loftie winds doe blow,  
 The Sailors they goe to the top,  
 when Land-men lye below.

Our Masters Mate takes Helme in hand,  
 his Course he steers full well,  
 When as the loftie winds doe blow,  
 and raging Seas doe swell.

Our Master to his Compass goes,  
 so well he pilcs his charge:

He sends a Youth to the Top againe,  
 for to burling the Pearle.

The Boatswain he's under the Deck,  
 a man of courage bold;  
 To th' top, to th' top, my lively Lad,  
 hold fast my hearts of gold.

The Pilot he stands on the Cairne,  
 with Line and Lead to sound,  
 To see how farr and nere they are  
 from any dangerous ground.

It is a testimoniall god,  
 we are not farr from land,  
 There sits a Mermaid on the Rocks,  
 with Combe and Glasse in hand.

Our Captaine he is on the Pape,  
 a man of might and power,  
 And looke when raging Seas doe gaze  
 our bodies to deuoure.

Our royall ship is runne to racks,  
 that was so stout and trim,  
 And some are put bute their wits,  
 either toinke or swim.

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Our Master to his Compass goes,  
 so well he pilles his charge:

He sends a Youth to the Top againe,  
 for to burling the Pearle.

The Boatman he's under the Deck,  
 a man of courage bold;  
 To th' top, to th' top, my lively Lad,  
 hold fast my hearts of gold.

The Pilot he stands on the Cairne,  
 with Line and Lead to sound,  
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The Second Part.

To the same tune.



O Ur ship that was before so good,  
and she likewise so trim,  
Is now with raging seas growne leakt,  
and water fast comes in.

The Quarter-master is a man,  
so well his charge plies he,  
He calls them to the Pumpe againe,  
to keepe their leake-ship free.

And many dangers likewise they  
doe many times endure,  
When as they meet their enemies,  
that come with might and power.

And so he likewise from them to take  
their lives and also their goods:  
Thus Seaploies they sometimes endure,  
vpon the surging floods.

But when as they doe come to Land,  
and homewards safe returne,  
They are most kinde good fellows all,  
and scarce euer to mourne.

And likewise they will call for Wine,  
and scarce is on the post:  
For Seaploies they are honest men,  
and will pay well their Oast.

For Seaploies they be honest men,  
and they doe take great paines,  
When landed men and rustling lads,  
doe rob them of their gaines.

Our Seaploies they worke night and day,  
their manhood say to trye,  
When landed men and rustling Jacks,  
doe in their Cabines lye.

Therefore let all good minded men,  
give eare vnto my song,  
And say also as well as I,  
Seaploies deserue no wrong.

It is here I done for Seaploies sake,  
in token of good will:  
If euer I can doe them good,  
I will be ready still.

God bleesse them (he by sea and land,  
and also other men;  
And as my song beginning had,  
so must it haue an end.

FINIS.

Printed for I. Wright.